



Reading Toolkit: Grade 6 Objective 3.A.7.b

Student Handout: Reading: Grade 6 Objective 3.A.7.b

Standard 3.0 Comprehension of Literary Text

Topic A. Comprehension of Literary Text

Indicator 7. Analyze the author's purposeful use of language

Objective b. Analyze words and phrases that create tone

Assessment Limits:

In the text or a portion of the text

Selected Response (SR) Item

Question

Read this passage from '[The Coastwatcher](#)', a novel that takes place during World War II when the United States was at war with Germany. Then answer the following. Read what Hugh's mother says in paragraph 12.

"Oh no, you don't" she said. "Go wash off that sand."

Which word *best* describes the tone of Hugh's mother's words?

- A. concerned
- B. confused
- C. determined
- D. excited

Correct Answer

C-determined is the correct response. excited

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Handouts

from *The Coastwatcher*

by Elise Weston

August, 1943

At first it was just a speck out in the ocean. A porpoise's fin, or maybe a piece of driftwood. No, it was moving along too fast, too straight, on a course parallel with the beach. He could just make out the tiny wake splashing along behind it.

He took the binoculars away and rubbed his eyes. When he looked back, it—the thing—was still out there, and coming closer all the time. Suddenly he was all goose bumps, even out here in the broiling hot sun.

The sea oats behind him rustled, and he jumped. Jiggs, his cocker spaniel, nosed something in the sand, scratched himself, and flopped down. "Jiggs," he whispered as the thing out in the ocean passed right in front of them. "It's a periscope! I know it is!"

"Hugh!" his mother called from the front porch. "Hugh! Time to come in!"

Not yet, Mama.

Sweat trickled down his face. His eyes were burning, but he kept them glued to the black speck out in the ocean. Now it was hardly moving at all.

Jiggs got up and shook himself, peppering the boy with sand. "Thanks," Hugh muttered. He closed his eyes to rest them for just a second, and when he looked back through the binoculars, the periscope—that's what it was, it had to be—was gone. His heart thumped. He adjusted the binoculars and swept the horizon, all the way down to the south end of the island and back. Nothing. Not even a seagull. Just empty sea and empty sky.

"Hugh! Right this minute!"

He sat up. "All right!" he yelled. "I'm coming!"

As he came down the boardwalk from the beach, Mama called from the top of the porch steps, "Aren't you overdoing it? You've been out there with those binoculars for almost two hours."

He shrugged and started up the steps.

"Oh, no, you don't," she said. "Go wash off that sand."

"Mama—"

"Go."

He sighed, handed her the binoculars, and headed for the shower under the house. The house was built up high off the ground so the breezes could "circulate." Not much was circulating on this hot day, so the cold water felt extra good, especially around his eyes where the binoculars had rubbed the skin raw.

When he came shivering up onto the porch, Mama was waiting with a towel. "What did you see today, Mr. Coastwatcher? A German submarine?"

He caught his breath. But when he looked up at her, she was smiling, shaking her head a little bit. Teasing him.

She wrapped the towel around him and gave him a hug. "Hurry up," she said, and went inside.

Hugh looked back out at the ocean. Nothing there. Wait—there was the osprey, the one that lived back in the marsh, hovering low over the water, hunting for its supper.

"Hugh!"

He scanned the ocean one last time. *Something* was out there, even if he couldn't see it right now. And whatever it was would be a secret. His secret.